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LETTER

OF

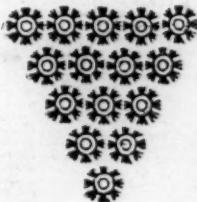
A B U S E,

TO

D---d G----k, Esq;

X

Non amo te, Sabidi.—MARTIAL.



L O N D O N:

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A
S E T T H I

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BIBLIOTHECA

L E T T E R

O F

A B U S E,

T O

D---d G----k, Esq;

Non amo te, Sabidi.—MARTIAL.

S I R,

HIStory informs us, that it was customary in *Athens*, when any Citizen had distinguished himself by some eminent Act of Heroism, to send him into Exile; least the Ascendant, which an exalted Character gives over the Minds of the People, should prove a Temptation to aim at Tyranny. Something similar to this Practice seems at all Times to have

B obtained

obtained in the Republic of Arts and Sciences. Numberless are the Instances of most illustrious Names, in every Branch of Knowledge, who have suffered by a literary *Ostracism*. The Literati entertain a Jealousy of their Liberties, even to a Degree of Enthusiasm, and can but ill brook, that any Member of their Community should raise himself to a Superiority over his Cotemporaries, and destroy that Equality, which has been always held to be the Essence of a Common-wealth. In this View, I think it my Duty to attack you with all the Scurrility and Abuse, which your great Merit and Popularity, with the Danger arising from both, make indispensably necessary. Shall Mr. G—k engross the Attention of the whole Town? Shall he be the Favourite of all, who are distinguished by the Elegance of their Taste? Shall his Name become proverbial, and be made use of to denote Excellence in any Art or Profession? I say, shall this be evident to my Fellow-Citizens of *Grub-Street*, and a fatal Supineness still hold them in Suspence?—Be it so.—Behold me then draw my Pen, determined like *Damien*, to stab this little Tyrant.

That you may not, Sir, imagine, that I am actuated by Rancour, I will not withhold that Justice to your Abilities, which the concurring Voice of the World extorts from me. I will admit, that the *British* Stage
never



never received such an Actor. I will acknowledge, that the Entertainment of the Theatre has reached the utmost Extent of Perfection, under your Direction. I will not deny, that many Parts, even of the divine *Shakespear*, were no more than a dead Letter, until your animating Genius enlivened their Beauties, and enforced their Energy. On this Account, I have no Objection, that you should be an Object of Admiration ; but on what Foundation can you lay claim to our Esteem ? He must surely be but little acquainted with that small Part of human Nature, which he may experience within his own Breast, who is ignorant, that the Man, who possesses superior Talents, is the common Disturber of the Peace and Tranquility of Mankind. What Right have you to hurt my Pride and Self-love, by standing in so eminent a Point of Light ? Why should you be careffed by the Nobility, while I, who consider myself infinitely better entitled to their Notice, never receive a Card from a Right Honourable ; nay, should such a Summons be wafted to my airy Mansion, my Incapacity to fee his Lordship's Servants, would restrain me from accepting the alluring Invitation. Is it not the height of Inhumanity, that you should live in the most refined Elegance, indulging at Ease your Genius, and diversifying your several Employments, according to the various Suggestions

of Fancy, while I, whose Faculties are an Honour to the Species, am compelled to take up my Residence almost in the ethereal Mansions, where, in a Flock-bed, *with Tape-tied Curtains, never meant to draw,* I sollicit the Favours of the Nine, who in vain shed their Influence, while Imagination is warped by that benumbing Anxiety, expressed by *Juvenal—de Lodice parandā.* These Circumstances of Barbarity I can never forgive, and am resolved, for my own Ease, and that of my Fellow-sufferers, to detract from your Reputation, and expose you, in the most glaring Colours, to the World.

And first, with respect to your Treatment of Authors. How hard is the Fate of one of us Men of Genius, who, after tacking together five Acts of a Tragedy or Comedy, (no matter which) and enjoying the vast Idea of five hundred Pounds, arising from the same, have the Mortification to be informed by Mr. G---k, that, *he is at all Times ready to assist the Labours of Genius, but really the Piece is totally unfit for the Stage.* Upon a Repulse of this Kind, which, to my certain Knowledge, happens several Times in a Season, should not we Authors be instantly alarmed, and make it a common Cause, not knowing how soon it may be the Case of each of us in his Turn. This arbitrary Power, lodged in

in the Manager, of refusing what is absolutely unfit for the Stage, is such an Encroachment upon the Liberties of a free People, that, it is to be hoped, the Legislature under the present happy Settlement of the Ministry, will take the unspeakable Hardships we lie under into Consideration, and afford us that Redress, which the Severity of the Oppression we endure will excite their Humanity to promote, with all convenient Speed. How this may be most properly effected, whether by vesting some Person of Consequence, (suppose the Lord-Mayor, for the Time being) with an Authority of imposing whatever Dramatic Pieces, he shall approve, upon the Managers, or by any other Method, which the Wisdom of that great Body shall suggest, I will not presume to determine, but content myself with having done my Duty, in hinting the Importance of such a Regulation.

It would carry me too far should I enumerate the various Kinds of Ill-usage, several with whom I have the most intimate Connexion, have received from you, in Transactions of the Nature abovementioned. And indeed it would be unnecessary to enter into a circumstantial Detail, as the ingenious Memoirs of *Roderic Random*, and *Peregrine Pickle* are to be found upon every Stall. The elaborate Author of those original Productions, with a

Resent-

Resentment, keen as the northern Blast, has laid you open in so masterly a Manner, that any future Attack would have been unnecessary, had not his evil Genius influenced him to publish the Tragedy, whose cruel Fate must draw Tears from every tender Reader, in the pathetic Relation of its Parent. Unhappily from that Moment, the World took your Part, and one of the most compleat Collections of Invective, Billingsgate, impotent Malice, Misrepresentation and false Taste, that this Age, so eminently distinguished by its extensive Improvement in every Species of Scurrility has produced, sunk into total Contempt and Obscurity.

Notwithstanding so formidable an Attack upon your Reputation, as an Actor, Manager, and Man, you had the Meanness to take under your Patronage this Winter a Farce, written by the same Gentleman. I call this Conduct Meanness, because I will not suppose, that you, whose peculiar Province it is to imitate the Manners of the Times, will pretend, that it is in the least natural, that you should be influenced in this proceeding, by the long exploded Principle of Christian Forgiveness. At least I am resolved to pay no Regard to this hypocritic Pretence, as I do not find the Operation of such a Motive within my own Breast.

I shall

I shall under this Head only mention farther your Behaviour, in Regard to the Tragedy of *Douglas*. Does not the Name terrify you? Do you not turn pale? Are not your Slumbers disturbed with horrible Imaginings?—What! reject the utmost Effort of human Genius, as improper for Representation!—True, indeed (for I will take no unfair Advantage) it has been said, and I am informed the Author himself confirms it, that the Composition is essentially different from what it was when put into your Hands; the Situations being varied, the Characters diversified, and the last Act entirely new writ. Is it probable, had this been true, that the ingenious Namesake of the Author, would have traduced you in so virulent a Manner, in some *private* Letters, which have been industriously made *public*? Certain it is, (tho' this Acknowledgment, which is extorted from me, will in no Sense extenuate the Charge of want of Taste and Judgment, fixed upon you) that the Tragedy of *Douglas* has not as yet entirely exploded the *Chess d'œuvres* of *Shakespear* and *Otway*. The Barbarisms of the first are still borne, in Consideration of the inexpressible Beauties, by which he atones for them, and the Licentiousness of the latter does not entirely obviate the Effect of the pathetic, of which no Author, on this Side of the Tweed, was ever so great a Master. Some
who

who are inclined to be waggish, observe it is a little unlucky, that this sceptical Writer should be mistaken in the only Point that he seems to pronounce upon with Certainty. And others of a more serious turn, tremble for the Consequences, and dread, that several Converts to Infidelity, of this Gentleman's making, may be shaken in their Principles, and become inclined to suspect, that the Gospel may possibly contain some Truth, in spite of the very penetrating Essay upon Miracles, and the no less learned History of Natural Religion.

I come now to your ungenerous, not to say infamous Artifices in depressing Men of Abilities in your Art. When I mention the Name of C——r, if your Conscience is not render'd callous to the Arrows of Remorse, you cannot escape feeling the most lively Compunction. This Gentleman, whose Advantages for the Stage transcend the Pretensions of any theoretic Hero of the present Age, as we are informed by a Writer, who seems perfectly well acquainted with them, has been with most unparallelled Circumstances of Barbarity cut off from his Profession, for no other Reason, but because he can perform about sixty Characters better than you, (a Number, if you had the least Tincture of Generosity in your Disposition, you might well spare him, from the unlimited Stock of your Performances)

ces) upon which last *Winter* he very honourably rested his Reputation as a Player, and challenged you in proper Form, to enter the Lists with him. You scandalously refused to take up the Gauntlet, and by that Piece of Pusillanimity betrayed a Consciousness of an evident Inequality in the Contest. This injured Man has surely Cause to triumph, but disdaining an arrogant Exultation, which is incompatible with a great Soul, is still ready to come to the Test; and I am authorised to say it, will at any Time play the whole Number, or any Part of those Characters with you for your Nose.

To the elaborate Researches of this indefatigable Enquirer, we are obliged for a very singular Discovery, namely, that your Father was a *Frenchman*, which Anecdote will, in some Measure, tend to elucidate the Motives of your Conduct last *Winter*, in introducing an Army of *Frenchmen*, under the Disguise of Dancers into this Kingdom. What might have been the Event of so deep-laid a Design, if the good People of *England* had not immediately taken the Alarm, every sincere Friend to our happy Establishment in Church and State must shudder to think on. How easy would it have been to have encreased their Numbers, until a sufficient Body was let in among us to make an Insurrection, and seize the Tower. That this must have been your

Intention in such an unnatural Alliance with *France*, I will not take upon me absolutely to assert ; but certain I am, that Appearances give Cause to the most alarming Suspicions, and the acknowledged Probity of Mr. C——r, who has published the Foundation of your Attachment to our Enemies, puts it beyond doubt, that these Conjectures are not chimerical. Lord Burleigh has laid it down as a Maxim, *that England can never be undone but by a Parliament*, and I beg leave to subjoin to this sage Assertion, *that England can never be so easily conquered, as by an Army of Figure-Dancers.*

The Importance of this Consideration has led me into a kind of political Digression. I now return to the Subject from which I deviated, and to the Wrongs of C——r, am prepared to add those of M——n. This unhappy Victim of tyrannic Power, whose Genius and Fate render him in some respect similar to the great Lord *Bolingbroke*, both having been expelled the Society, of which they were the most illustrious Ornaments, and spent the Period of their Exile in abstruse and speculative Researches—I say, this Object of your despotic Resentment, is singularly ill-treated, as he can be no way considered by you, as a Rival in your Profession, tho' some weak People, unacquainted with the true State of the Affair, inconsiderately imagine otherwise.

wife. No, Sir, you could readily allow him that Share of Applause, which his Merit in the peculiar Sphere of acting he was proper for, entitled him to, as your Classes of playing were totally different ; but so unreasonable is your Jealousy, that you never could forgive him the great Reputation he had acquired in Logic and Metaphysics. *Hinc illæ Lachrymæ.*

I am not unaware, Sir, that some Hireling Scribbler will probably undertake to defeat this Accusation, by advancing, that you are not incapable of Friendship, and have, in some remarkable Instances, shewn the most disinterested Attachment. I shall be perhaps told, that you received with open Arms a Gentleman, who fled from the Oppression of the *Hibernian Manager*; that you cherished his rising Genius, and that under your Auspices, Mr. M—p has risen into Fame and universal Esteem. The Fact is undeniable, and I must admit, that the Motive in Appearance is specious; but on that Account the more dangerous. Could we look into your Heart, we should there read that you entered into a Connexion with this Gentleman, the more effectually to ruin him. Can we suppose, you did not foresee, that seemingly espousing his Interest would inevitably excite the Envy of the undeserving Part of his Profession, and expose him to that Virulence of Malice, which be-

came due to him, from the Instant you declared his Cause your own.

It will be farther, I perceive, insisted on, for I know all your little Subterfuges, that your Enmity to the unhappy Person, whose Case I have just laid open, with the most sympathetic Feeling of his Misfortunes, did not influence you to the Prejudice of his deserving Daughter. I shall be told with an Air of Triumph, that you embraced the first Opportunity of fostering her youthful Merit, and that to you the Public is indebted for the rapid Improvement in various Talents, which recommend in a most distinguished Manner this young Lady. Such a Piece of Machiavellian Politics may impose upon the unsuspecting, but permit me to ask you, good Sir, did not you adopt the Daughter, that the World might compare your Generosity in that Action, to the Ill-usage you pretend to have received from the Father? Is not this loading the unfortunate; and displaying your own Character to the World, in the most advantageous Point of View? — *Such popular Humanity is Cruelty.*

It is now proper that I should lay open to the Public in the clearest Light the contemptible Methods, which you have at various Times put in Practice to puff your own Abilities, and traduce your Rivals. Shameful Littleness of Mind! Not content with the

Eulogiums

Eulogiums of the most eminent Geniuses, who have taken frequent Occasions to pay that Tribute to your Talents, which an ingenuous Mind finds Satisfaction in bestowing, you employ Hackney-Scribblers to write *Tuners*, *Rhapsodists*, *Examiners*, *Analyses*, &c. against you, in order to make the World believe, that the utmost Efforts of Malevolence can fix nothing upon you to your Disadvantage. Nay, is it not notorious, that you have paid them most liberally, to prefer a Gentleman of the other Theatre to you, in your most capital Performances, the more effectually to degrade him in the public Opinion, by the glaring Contrast, obvious to every Observer, upon such a Comparison. And yet this Man thus cruelly attacked, has never done you any Harm, and such is the Gentleness of his Disposition, I will take upon me to promise, that he never will.

Perhaps you will deny the Truth of this Accusation, and protest with your customary Hypocricy, that you never were guilty of engaging any Mortal breathing, in so vile an Undertaking; but this profound, as you think it, Dissimulation, will not impose upon the discerning; the latent Spring of Action is easily discovered through your Cobweb Politics, without the Penetration of a *Tacitus*.

I must not omit to remind you upon this Occasion, of the unspeakable Injury you have done

done to several young Gentlemen, who seduced by Mr. G——k's great Success, have embarked their All on the Theatric Ocean. How many Youths would have made very agreeable Mercers, whom we despise in the Personages of Princes? --- Let me add, how many deserving Attornies Clerks might have in Time risen to the Rank of Newgate-Solicitors, who, when they present themselves to us as Sovereigns, do not entirely fill up our Ideas of Royalty? For in these Instances, different from all others relating to the Stage, we do not judge from real Life. Need I mention what the whole Town is apprized of, your spiriting-away Mr. F——te? Could any Action whatsoever be more opposite to the common Feelings of Humanity, than to send that Gentleman to a strange Country, without any other Friends, than Prince Potawowski, and Mr. Cadwallader, who I am informed, have it no more in their Power to serve him in *Ireland*, notwithstanding the Hardness of their Names, than the lineal Descendants of the ancient Kings of that Kingdom. But your infernal Jealousy must be gratified at all Events.

And now Sir, having discharged my Duty, by traducing you, according to the Dictates of my Conscience, that I may not deviate from modern Forms, I shall conclude with requesting a Favour. You must know Mr.

G——k,

G—k, that I have had by me, for some Years, a Dramatic Piece of two Acts, which I should be extremely glad if you would exhibit at your House. It is a Composition of infinite Wit and Humour, and if you consent to produce it, will in some Measure retrieve your Reputation among the choice Spirits of the Age. As I am not upon Terms of personal Intercourse with you, I take this Method of communicating the first Scene, by which Specimen you will be able to judge of the whole Performance. You will not without strong Emotions of Envy, observe all through a strict Adherence to Nature, a sovereign Contempt of farcical Conceits, and Strokes of Comedy beyond the Reach of that Pencil, which sketched the Characters of Lord Chalkstone and Fribble.

T H E

THE
C O N S P I R A C Y.

Now how to help themselves, and how I
A COMEDY of two ACTS.

According to their counsels it will indeed be
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SHYLOCK, *An unfortunate Hero, of an enterprizing Disposition; but unhappily out of Employment, on Account of his seditious Principles.*

BRONZE, *a Gentleman of uncommon great Qualities, superior to those Evils which depress the vulgar Class of Mortals, particularly the Disgrace of Cuckoldom, and from a peculiar series of Misfortunes, involved in the same Circumstances with Shylock.*

Doctor LIFFEY, *a Physician, Author, and Critic.*

REPTILE, *an Amanuensis.*

SCENE, *a gloomy Chamber up two pair of Stairs, at the House of a Courtezan in the Purlieus of Covent-Garden.*

Sby. **W**E are at length assembled, Gentlemen, and Fellow-sufferers, in order to settle the most proper Plan of gratifying our Resentment against the Tyrant and Usurper of Drury-Lane. Upon this Occasion, it will be necessary, that I should metaphysically

cally explain—a—a—a—the Nature and Essence of Resentment. Resentment, to define it accurately, is that Sense, or—Feeling—or—lively Emotion—which a great, that is, a revengeful Soul experiences, when the mind is actuated, or stimulated by Injuries.—I say, Gentlemen, when the human Mind prick-ed forward, or as it were spurred by unworthy Treatment, is so far—a—a—a—agitated, or to express myself more metaphorically, as it were set in a Ferment, that it is excited to—a Sort of an Inclination, or natural Propen-sity of—a—a—a—gratifying its Resentment.—

Bronze. Hip! Hem! Damn your Definitions, we all feel what Resentment is.

All. Yes, yes, that Point is clear.

Skylock. I was desirous, Gentlemen, to settle our Ideas with Precision, before I laid open the Scheme, which has long lain as it were like an Embryo, or Fœtus, in my Brain, and wanted the Midwifry of your Advice to usher it into Existence. The Method I would propose of attacking the Object of our Hatred, is by Means of a Pamphlet—a—a theatrical Pamphlet; let each Man contribute according to his Talents, and united as it were like a *Phalanx*, let us give one general Stab. But above all Things, Gentlemen, do not forget to dip your Pens in Poison; remember the glorious Enterprize of *Damien* failed, through the Neglect of that Precau-

D tions.

tion. I am now silent, and wait your Sentiments.

Bronze. My dear Sir, you are quite right, a Pamphlet is the Thing to blow him up—hip--hem--I'll shew him to be the damndest Scoundrel in the World, in his Treatment of me, and will demonstrate, that if I had been Manager.—

Dr. *Liffey*, Pshaw ! what signifies his particular Ill-usage of you ? It will be all k—fs my A—se to enter into that—No--let us attack him as an Actor, and shew the World that he imposes upon them, by starting and fidgeting, and bouncing, and Thigh-slapping, and Breast-knocking, and Shoulder-jirking. Leave it to me, and I will make it as plain as St. *Patrick's* Steeple, that he may as well wipe his A—se with a Brick-Bat, as attempt any Character in Tragedy.

Bronze. But my dear Sir, my Cafe must not be neglected, by G—d—he's a d—d Rascal, and the World shall know it.—No Morals by G—d,—and a Man without Morals I never could endure—hip—hem.

Skylock. What do you mean by Morals ? Morals, or Ethics, as they are called —I never understood. *Rochfoucault* has demonstrated Self-love to be the sole Principle in human Actions—and—a—a—a—, but let us proceed to Busineſſ. I find you approve of my Propoſal, and think the most eligible way

way of taking this Tyrant off, is by a Pamphlet. I would propose, that we may not only point the Dagger at *his* Heart, but plant it in the Breasts of *those* who are most closely connected with him.—

Reptile. This Scheme of Revenge, Mr. *Shylock*, is very pleasing; —but will it not be imprudent in you, to appear too openly in the Enterprize, least it should draw down the Usurper's Vengeance on your innocent Daughter?

Bronze. Pshaw! d—n his Daughter.

Shylock. No, Gentlemen, it shall never be said, that such a Consideration restrained me from attempting to rescue the theatrical World from this Oppressor, I will even sacrifice *Pol* to this Cause.—*Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did?*

Reptile. Very heroical, Mr. *Shylock*, I wave my Objection.

Bronze. Hip! hem! my dear Sir, you are quite right in what you just observed.—Let us hip! hem!—spare none of his Friends,—particularly let us cut up—hip! hem! that rascally Harlequin *W—d*. If that Fellow, my dear Sir, had not been so great a favourite with the Public, I should, d'ye see—hip! hem! be the leading Man in Comedy,

Shylock. You—a—a—a lie. That Province of acting would be totally mine.

Bronze. Hip ! Hem ! Your's, you Num-skull ! Why, you Blockhead, I was the Idol of the Town —hip ! hem ! when you were cleaning Shoes on *College-Green*, hip ! hem ! damned Scoundrel !

Dr. Liffey. There is some Truth in what *Bronze* says. I remember when he drew the Town after his A—e in every Character he played.

Shylock. He never played any Character,—for to play a Character---a---a---a---I say to play a Character,—you must understand playing as a Science. The *Abbé du Boss* is the only Man, who has treated as it were scientifically of our Profession.

Dr. Liffey. Yes, several other *French* Authors have writ upon the Subject as well as he.

Shylock. Don't interrupt me, Dr. I was going to explain to that ignorant a---a---a---coxcomical Noodle yonder, *Bronze*, the abstract Principles of acting.

Bronze. You explain to me--hip ! hem ! the Son of C—y C—r, the Principles of my Profession ! How long is it since you learned to read !

Shylock. You Self-cuckold making Dog I have a Mind to kick you down Stairs.

Dr. Liffey. Come, come, don't carry this too far ; if we quarrel among ourselves we shall

shall never agree upon any Thing,--it will be all my A---e in a Band-Box.

Reptile. Pray Gentlemen, no Disagreement. I beg you may be reconciled.

Shylock. You are all a Pack of Fools, Gentlemen—Reading is but as it were the Means of Knowledge,---a Man, who has Knowledge within himself---that is to say---a---a---a--- intuitively, despises Reading---but that Scoundrel.—

Liffey, and *Reptile.* Prithee, no more, we entreat you to make it up.

Bronze. My dear Sir, I have no Enmity to you. I'll make it up with all my Heart, hip ! hem !

Liffey and *Reptile.* Come Mr. *Shylock*, sacrifice private Pique to the general Good. Give him your Hand.

Shylock. I will be reconciled to him, in order that our Undertaking may not be blasted,—or---a---a---a--- annihilated,—as it were. But---a---a---.

Bronze. Come, *Shylock*, hip ! hem ! let us be Friends. Kiss me, my Dear.

Shylock. No, I'll not kiss you, but as far as my Nature will admit of, I forgive you.

Dr. Liffey. Kiss my A---e. Let us resume our Busines.

Shylock. Since then, Gentlemen, we are thus confederated in the glorious Cause, what remains, but that we should assign to each

Man

Man his Province. For myself, I shall be content with the argumentative or reasoning Part.

Bronze. It shall be my Office to shew---hip! hem! ---that he has not common Honesty; and that no Gentleman, who has a Regard for his Character, should keep Company with him.

Dr. Liffey. By G—d, I'll demonstrate that Punch at Stretch's Puppet-Shew in Dublin, is as well qualified to personate a Hero as he.

Reptile. Gentlemen, you may depend, that I shall take particular Care to transcribe your Labours very fairly, and that I may contribute all the Assistance in my little Power, I will undertake, that there shall be a favourable Account of your Work in the *Critical Review*, without a single farthing Expence.

Shylock. One Thing yet remains, my Fellow-sufferers. We shall want a Motto. Does any one of you Gentlemen, know a Friend who understands *Latin*?

All. Pshaw! Pshaw! there will be no Occasion for a *Latin* Motto.

Shylock. I think there will-- for Motto's are a kind of a—a—a

Reptile. Don't lose Time now, dear Mr. *Shylock*, in Definitions. We can easily extract some Passage from *Shakespear*, that will serve

serve as a Motto.—I have the first Volume at home, an Acquaintance lent it to me.

Dr. Liffey. You don't know what you are saying, *Reptile*—There is a Line in *Ben Johnson* will answer our Purpose better than any Thing in *Shakespear*.

Bronze. Hip ! hem ! What is that, my dear Sir ?

Dr. Liffey. Eat Figs out of my *A—e*.

Shylock. Eat Figs out of my *A—e*.—That does not appear to me expressive of any mental Act, or Mode of thinking.—

Bronze. D—n your Mode of thinking, I'll write some Verses myself, and they shall be prefixed as anonymous.

Shylock. Since then we have adjusted our several Departments, let us retire, and meet here again on this Day-se'nnight, each Man prepared to fulfill his Engagement. I take my Leave of you, Gentlemen, and hope, that my last Words will make a proper Impression, which are— at all Events, shew no Mercy.

Exeunt.

Well Sir, what do you determine upon ? Will you act my Piece ? If you do, I shall retract publickly every Thing I have said against you ; but if I receive a Refusal—*Nemo me impunè*.—You will do well to consider this Letter as only the first of a Series, which

which I shall periodically inscribe to you, being resolved not to relinquish the Pen, until I have addressed as may Epistles to Mr. G—k, as a certain political Writer has done to the People of *England*. It depends upon your Conduct in this Affair, whether I shall, or shall not be with the greatest Gratitude, Respect and Esteem.

S I R,

Your much obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

* * * * *

P. S. Please to direct a Line for A. B. at Mr. JACKSON's, *Leather-Breeches-Maker*, in *Finsbury*, near *Moorfields*.



F I N I S.

